BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

Adolph S. Ochs
Russia's New Plane
Superstition and Suicide
Cocktail Parties

The death of Adolph S. Ochs, editor and owner of the New York Times, is a great loss to American journalism and good citizenship. Mr. Ochs was a good American, whose life and work set an admirable example to his professional colleagues.

All his life a hard-worker, conscientious, indifferent to personal profit, Mr. Ochs often put to this writer and other friends the question, ever in his mind, "How can I make of the Times a permanent and useful institution?"

Arthur Brisbane

Russia, according to Lloyd George, is the world's real flying nation, possessing, probably, the world's greatest fighting air fleet. It is certainly the country that takes flying most seriously, with 34,000,000 Russians trained in aeronautics, young Russian girls learning to pilot planes and dirigibles and make 20,000-foot parachute jumps, as our young girls learn new dance steps.

This makes important Russia's announcement that she is manufacturing airplanes on a mass production basis, using for air power "an ordinary light automobile engine." The planes, very cheap, using ordinary gasoline, will be supplied to collective farms. Russia may be the first nation to do with flying machines what this country did with automobiles. American genius put this nation on wheels. If Russian engineering skill puts Russia on wings, it will make some other countries thoughtful.

A young man is found strangely murdered, or committing suicide in an unusual way, hanging from a low tree. His legs were fastened behind his back, with chains, chains were around his hands and neck, and a medal that he had won in an athletic contest was fastened with a safety pin to one of his pockets. The man, thirty-one, who had been employed in moving pictures and a substitute for actors under dangerous conditions, is believed by police to have killed himself in a strange way, through vanity, to attract attention, climbing to the limb of a tree, adjusting the chain, dropping and strangling.

Police quote a superstition of certain Malays who believe that evil spirits carry off their souls if they kill themselves. When they commit suicide they exhaust their ingenuity in efforts to die in such a fashion as to make suicide seem impossible, that the spirits after inspection may decide that the dead man was murdered and leave his soul in peace.

During prohibition, the habit of drunkenness was acquired by many, particularly young women. They yield more easily than men to the effects of alcohol and drugs, and once "caught" they are caught for life, usually.

American fathers and mothers that give cocktail parties for their sons and daughters, or permit them in their homes, should be told plainly that they are using their money to make drunkards of the daughters and sons, and are not fit to have, or bring up, children.

In addition to moving 50,000 more soldiers to the German lines, France is hurriedly concencting her steel and concrete line of fortresses, with barbed wire entanglements and trenches. Thirty thousand soldiers are digging in as you read.

The French apparently expect the same old thing over again, but they will not see it. Nations in the next war will not squat in trenches, but will fly against the enemy nation's chief cities and kill an impressive number of citizens with poison explosives and gas.

Nothing will be more humane than a front line trench in the next war.

Harlem, in upper New York city, with some 200,000 colored population, is stamping ground for many that preach ultra-radical doctrines, including the theory that whoever has money must have stolen it from those that have no money.

This added to race antagonism, and the influence of certain "reformers" brings results reminding citizens of what may happen when dangerous doctrines are preached recklessly.

The latest news indicates that Chancellor Hitler is not as anxious for "war in a hurry" as was alleged.

Sir John Simon, for England, received from Hitler a written proposal:

First, a non-aggression treaty with Germany's neighbors, nobody to attack anybody else.

Second, a pledge to withhold economic and financial assistance from any nation starting a war.

Hitler wrote that, and, if he means it, Lloyd George is correct in his statement: "Not this time."

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

Prime Ministers of Three Nations Confer at Stresa—President Roosevelt, Busy With Work Relief Program, Prods Congress.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© Western Newspaper Union.

SIX of Europe's foremost statesmen, with experts and secretaries, solemnly considered peace plans and security pacts on Isola Bella, a lovely little island in Lake Maggiore off Stresa, Italy, while the world's press looked on. The conferences were momentous, but it was of an "exploratory" nature, and no definite results were expected. Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald and Foreign Secretary Sir John Simon, representing Great Britain, were willing to carry out that nation's military obliga-

Premier Flandin

tions under the Locarno treaty but balked at further commitment in continental affairs.

Anyhow, they had promised to enter into no new agreements without the consent of parliament, which cannot be consulted until after the Easter holidays. Premier Flandin and Foreign Minister Laval of France sought to persuade England to line up with France and Russia rather than with Germany, and they presented as one argument a new mutual assistance pact they had just signed with Russia. Premier Mussolini, solemn and pessimistic, handled matters for Italy with the help of Fulvio Suvich, undersecretary of foreign affairs. He had already warned the world that the issue of war or peace probably could not be settled at Stresa.

Of course, the chief question was the attitude of other nations toward the constantly growing Pan-Germanism of the reich under Hitler, and the first concrete problem taken up was France's appeal to the League of Nations against Germany's repudiation of the military clauses of the Versailles treaty. Mussolini and MacDonald were inclined to accept Hitler's rearmament if there could be an agreement against further military expansion, but Flandin stood in opposition. The Italians urged a three-power alliance for protection against Germany, but England objected and France was uncertain. All three nations later favored the rearmament of Austria, Bulgaria and Hungary, and the Danube pact which Italy especially has been promoting.

MUSSOLINI'S pessimistic frame of mind was illustrated by an announcement in his newspaper, Popolo d'Italia, that Italy would keep 600,000 men under arms "until the horizon is less overcast." Both the Italians and the French are convinced that Germany is maintaining secretly an army the troubles that confront them in northern Africa with the purpose of weakening their position in Europe. This matter was discussed privately by some of the participants in the Stresa meeting.

THE new mutual assistance agreement reached by France and Russia was at first supposed to be merely an agreement on sanctions to be taken against an aggressor once the latter has been determined by the League of Nations. But Paris correspondents assert that it is in effect a military alliance such as Russia had been urging for a time and that in certain cases the signatories will determine for themselves who is the aggressor, without waiting for word from Geneva. The agreement is, of course, directed primarily against Germany. It is believed in Paris that Russia will soon conclude similar alliance with Czechoslovakia and the Baltic states, thus completing a steel ring around Germany's land frontiers. This agreement is still subject to alteration and final approval.

That Russia still seeks "to maintain and strengthen the general peace" was shown by the signing of a Russo-German trade treaty which it is believed will greatly increase the volume of Russia's orders in the reich. Under this accord the Soviet will increase purchases in Germany by 200,000,000 marks (about $80,000,000), a banking consortium headed by the Deutsche Bank and Discount Gesellschaft and the Dresdner bank to grant import credits for an average period of five years. The credits will bear interest at the discount rate of the reichsbank plus 2 per cent. The Russian trade delegation is thereby enabled to pay cash for orders placed with German firms.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made by the government that it had uncovered extensive frauds in the immigration and naturalization service from 1923 to 1933, and steps were taken for the ousting of a number of employees and for criminal prosecutions. It was estimated that a ring of bribe takers and fixers had received as much as a million dollars from persons illegally entering the country.

"Revelations so startling in character have come to light that investigators believe the actual extent of corruption and fraud has been but partially disclosed," said a statement issued by the Labor department after a secret investigation of alleged frauds in the New York district.

GEN HERMANN WILHELM GORING, the dynamic premier of Prussia and ali minister of Germany, and Emmy Sonnemann, thirty-seven-year-old actress, were married in Berlin, first in the city hall and then in the evangelical cathedral, with Reichsfuehrer Hitler acting as groomsman in both ceremonies. It was a most spectacular wedding, with many famous Germans and a grand opera chorus in attendance, a triumphal procession through the crowded streets and a display of the Nazi air force.

SOCIALISTS and Catholics of Danzig combined to give Chancellor Hitler of Germany his first big setback. In the free city's parliamentary election the Nazis polled 60.9 per cent of the total vote, but failed to get the two-thirds majority of the seats that would give them complete control of parliament. Hitler and his followers had hoped a big majority would follow the lead of the Nazi and Danzig Senate, and this may yet be the result, for the population of the city is more than 90 per cent German. But the Nazis were defeated in their attempt to get the groundwork for the suppression of all other political parties and the complete establishment of a dictatorship. Presumably their next step will be to vote for a change in the Free City constitution and for a seat in the League of Nations, which admission the Nazis have long considered necessary to permit a plebiscite on return to the reich. This was openly discussed by Hermann Rauschning, German propaganda minister, during the hot campaign in Danzig carried on by the Nazis. Poland was enraged by the violent methods of the Hitlerites in the campaign and demanded an apology from Berlin. The whole affair endangered the new friendship between Poland and Germany, and probably this was not mourned by the other nations of Europe.

WITH the rubber workers in the throes of a strike at Akron, Ohio, ready to quit their jobs, the American Federation of Labor pledged itself to finance the strike, which President Green declared would be a crucial attempt to organize labor in the rubber industry the collective bargaining provisions of the NRA. He announced the organization would "support the rubber workers of Akron for as long a time as may be necessary."

Green definitely marked out the tire strike as a test of labor's ability to make good on the promises held out to it by the New Deal. The national labor relations board, he pointed out, had ordered the big tire companies, Goodyear, Goodrich, and Firestone, to allow their workers to elect representatives for collective bargaining. The companies refused and the board now takes into its own hands the enforcement of the NLRB decision, Green argued.

Tire manufacturers, on the other side, recognize the threatened strike as a key move in the New Deal program for regimentation of labor and industry, and are fighting back. Firestone expected to go before the District of Columbia supreme court and ask a permanent injunction against the NLRB and NRA meddling in its labor situation.

POSTMASTER GENERAL JAMES A. FARLEY went to New York to study the political and legislative situation, and it was declared by local Democratic leaders that he would retire from the cabinet soon after the adjournment of congress. Mr. Farley neither affirmed nor denied the story.

He has been bitterly attacked for retaining his cabinet post and at the same time continuing as chairman of the Democratic national committee and of the New York Democratic committee, despite the edict of the President against such double holding. Mr. Roosevelt wants Mr. Farley to remain head of the national committee and to conduct his campaign for re-election, so he will give up his post office job; but he did not wish to resign while still under fire from Huey Long and others.

James A. Farley

OUR minister to Canada, Warren D. Delano Robbins, succumbed to pneumonia in a New York hospital after a brief illness. He was a son and a cousin of President Roosevelt and had been in the diplomatic service for more than 25 years, being one of the few distinguished of the "career" men.

Adolph S. Ochs, veteran owner and publisher of the New York Times, was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage while visiting old friends in Chattanooga, Tenn., and died without regaining consciousness. He was seventy-seven years old and had been in poor health for some time.

Another notable man taken by death was Dr. Edmund Covington Robinson, generally considered the foremost American poet. He won the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1922, 1926 and 1928.

A NNOUNCEMENT was made by the State department that the United States has accepted in general terms the proposal of Argentina and Chile for co-operative efforts to end the Bolivia-Paraguay war in the Gran Chaco. It was expected Brazil, which had been consulted, would join in the plan. Just what will be done has not been determined.

Harry Hopkins

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, deeply tanned and in good physical condition, was landed at Jacksonville, Fla., by the destroyer Farragut and started immediately for New York, to attend the funeral of his cousin, Warren Delano Robbins, after which he returned to Washington. Aboard his special train the President read through the $4,880,000,000 work relief bill as finally passed by both houses of congress, affixed his pen and appended his signature to the largest appropriation measure ever considered by congress. There were many features of it, agreed upon in the senate and house conference, which he did not like, but he said those who had studied it recommended its approval.

The President at once signed two allocations from the amount appropriated. The first was $125,600,000 to the administrator of the Federal Emergency Relief administrator, in order that relief might not stop while the second was $30,000,000 for continuation of the emergency conservation work.

In Washington the relief measure and some others discussed with dissatisfaction the probability that Harry L. Hopkins, relief administrator, would be the President's chief assistant in carrying out the vast program. There were many waiting for word from Geneva. The agreement is, of course, directed primarily against Germany. It is believed in Paris that Russia will soon conclude similar alliance with Czechoslovakia and the Baltic states, thus completing a steel ring around Germany's land frontiers. This agreement is still subject to alteration and final approval.

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Says WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILLS.—Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I see as I try to look down through the wings of an aeroplane. If you want to see something dont go up in the air and try to see it. Just as you glimpse it, why the wing or the plane will cover it and before the wing passes over it's too far back to see. I flew East and back here a couple of weeks ago and it was when the dust storms were going, and in lots of places where the real dust storm was not operating it was dark and looked like rain, and I said to my sister in Oklahoma, it's going to rain today, and she said, "No, its been this way for days and days. Its just the very fine dust thats in the air."

I just been reading tonight some reviews. I have the autobiography but I havent had time to read it, but will, of John Hays Hammond, the great engineer, who has operated all over the world. He used to come once in a while to my place and we would talk South Africa. We would talk about the Jameson raid. He was mixed up in it, and its what started the Boer War. He was down there before and during the war in fact before the end. Not in the fighting. I was breaking horses, and at the close working with a little wild west show. (My very first show experience).

He has had a great colorful career, has John Hays Hammond. Eighty years old the other day. I was going to send him a wire, but like everything else I am going to do, I forget it before the time comes. Like about ten days ago, Dorothy Stone my little pardner in Freds show one time, why she opened up on the big star in "As Thousands Cheer", and while I went myself, I plum forgot to send either wire or flowers. Now I meant well, but I got off to talking to some old guy about the N.R.A. or some congressmen about who was the roping at Ft Worth at their big show, or maby knocking the ball around on the field, or roping at some old gentle calves that are trained to stick their heads in the loop. I am not doing all this foolishness, and plum forget to do what I ought to do. I sometimes wonder if the Lord is going to make the proper distinction, between the fellow that means well, and the one that does well. I dont believe he will blackball us just because we dont remember.

Now some people are so wonderful about things, and they remember, and they do and say just the right things at the right time. My desk right here before me now is piled higher than Jim Farleys of letters from friends, and folks that should be my friends if I would show them the least courtesy of answering. But do you know I will keep putting it off, I tryed some of them clear to N.Y. and back, Now I knew in my own heart days well that I wasent going to sit down and write letters while I was on the planes or in hotels, but I meant well, I intended to answer em, but I knew darn well I wasent going to. There aint a thing in the world to lay it onto but laziness. I could have quit talking and boring somebody long enough to answers with her. Then I could have stayed up an hour or so later and answered a number of em, but no I was too darn lazy, and I get sleepy early, and then the darn reading that I want to read everything in the world thats in a paper.

Why you know what I do, and I bet you I am unique. I ever read the editorials. Yes sir, now you just look at that miscalenous reading. Thats what you call exploring in reading. Course I forget everything I read. I havent got any more memory than a jackrabbit, and I forget about nine tenths of what I read, and get the other tenth wrong. But it makes me think that I am sorter doing something when I am reading. Then too I can fall to sleep and never drop a paper. My closest friend cant tell when I am reading or sleeping. They are pretty near always wrong. They say, "You read a lot, and I say "No, I sleep a lot over my reading." If they would just quit printing newspapers for about a year, I would have enough to read for the time the daily papers are read I am sound asleep.

Now that is terrible, but I just got out of it by letting the impression go around that I am just so busy that I havent the time. Well I havent got the time because I am out on a ranch somewhere, or asleep somewhere. If it was not for riding, and reading newspapers, and dozing off, I'd pay you all to be trying to more people than Mrs Roosevelt. Lord I would like to borrow that Ladys energy for a month, and I would wind up with some friends instead of a lot of indiscriminately made enemies. Now here lays all these important letters here tonight, and I could answer at least a tenth of em, but here comes the morning papers. (They come out the day before). Now will I answer those letters and maintain my friends. No I will take the papers and go to bed, and go to sleep holding it out at arms length, the light burning, and the glasses on. © 1935, McClure Syndicate, Inc.

FUTURE AIRSHIPS

Airplanes of the future will assemble winged rockets, according to M. Louis Breguet, the French plane constructor. The fastest commercial planes, he says, will be a heavy wing, loading 20 pounds per square foot, and increasing the lift considerably and ground brakes, and jet and light engines moderately charged. There will be a top speed of altitudes of flights exceeding 13,000 feet. The planes also will have comfortable cabins heated, and when necessary supplied with oxygen.

Week's Supply of Postum

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Agriculture Displaced

Agriculture, long the leading employer in Florida, now ranks second place because of the expansion of manufacturing and mechanical industries, reports the University of Florida.

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FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at agents. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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GOLDEN DAWN

By PETER B. KYNE

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SYNOPSIS

Theodore Catlin adopts a baby, "Peggy," in an effort to solve his marital problems. But his wife has wanted Peggy, and their affairs end in a divorce court. At a baseball game Catlin strikes ten-year-old Peggy on the nose. Mrs. Catlin spirits the child to Europe. Catlin wills Peggy all his money, and is about to start a search for her when a motor accident ends his life. Some ten years later, in San Francisco, Stephen Burr, young psychiatrist, is presented by Dan McNamara, chief of police, with a new patient—Nance Belden, a girl with a dual personality, for which her "golden nose" is in part responsible. Stephen does not think she is a criminal and obtains Burr's testimony in court. Later, at Doctor Burr's office nurse, Peggy Nance's crime wave ends when Doctor Burr's efforts bring out her case and she is sent to Queentin penitentiary. Nance Belden, although shot, and gone to Dawn's apartment, from which, by Mc-Namara's orders, she is removed to the chief's home. From one of the men in the house Nance first learns that Mc-Namara learns that Nance's real name is Penelope Catlin. He also discovers that she is heiress to $750,000. Fearful of McNamara, in his official capacity, Nance flees. Lanny finds her in her apartment, asleep, curled up on the guest-room bed.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—15—

"Did your new scout the street in front of his house before pulling up in front of it?" asked McNamara dryly.

"Good our Nance, Lanny," McNamara urged happily. "She's a smart girl. She's a shoulder, dearie!"

"She. It'll be O. K. in another week."

"So am I." Mr. McNamara grinned horribly. "Now, Lanny, take this down, and Angelloti must be on guard in that alley. I'm going to mistreat her just a little. I'm going to slap her, striking there in the dark—and put a welt on him so I can recognize him later. He just can't stand to mix it with me, and get recognized, of course. Then I'm going to take her in the house. He'll know who I am but he'll never suspect I know who he is."

McNamara bade Nance, Lanny and Stephen goodnight and hurried away to Lanny, a block from his home he alighted and walked down the side of the street opposite his own house. He was whistling softly as he came abreast of Angelloti's hiding place, where he paused at right angles, apparently with the intention of crossing in the middle of the street to his own home. A step from the curb he halted, turned, bent as if to fasten a shoelace, and then reset resolutely into the alley.

"Who's there?" he demanded. Receiving no answer, he took a step forward; he seemed to have some difficulty in getting his revolver out of his flashlight; he seemed to have some difficulty flashing it on, for he cursed and suddenly a beam from the flashlight illuminated his own face for a brief instant. Then he switched it off to permit the watchful Angelloti to recognize him. The alley was empty, but in a little garden strip a large shrub grew, and instinct warned the latter that his prey was behind it. So he walked past it, his flashlight held close to the bush, and as he had anticipated, it was the work of a moment to put a welt on Angelloti's nose. As he turned, one of his stout legs was jerked from under him by a mule crushing low; so, before permitting himself to topple backward, McNamara placed his right arm to the level of his knee and swung a short, stabbing blow. He felt a cheekbone and the side of a nose; so he punched again, a little higher up, and then felt his backward. Instantly his assailant rose and fled like a doe.

"I'm an expert," McNamara shouted, and fired into the air. But the fugitive was gone. He returned to the house in the morning he sent for Angelloti for a report on certain cases, and was much interested to note a faintly discolored spot on the Italian's left cheek and a slightly noticeable iridescence under the left eye. The chief grinned. "What does the other fellow look like, Angie?" he asked innocently. "He couldn't have been more'n a flyweight or he'd have more damage! How come you let some runt one-two you like that?"

It was a dame I picked up for drunkenness. Angelloti lied with the glibness of long practice.

There was some discussion of the report, McNamara dismissed him, and sat down to decide what to do with Nance Belden. That Flynn and Angelloti were keeping his house under surveillance he knew now; undoubtedly they would enter his house at the earliest favorable opportunity.

She could tell them what he would do if he stood in the shoes of his two enemies. Then, for a night when he wouldn't be disturbed for a couple of hours," he decided. "What night would that be? Why, Thursday night, when the board of police commissioners is at its weekly attendance there. Stephen will make his usual early evening call—and as soon as he leaves the house those two will slip into it. The cellar door, of course. I'll make it easy for them. I'll leave the door unlocked."

It concluded that until then, Nance would be safe at Lanny's house. In the meantime, however, he must arrange to get her out of the city at an early date. The detectives were both absolutely satisfied Lanny had at last given Nance sanctuary for a brief period; trust them, therefore, to keep an eye on Lanny's house.

He had in his office a telephone line that did not connect with the private exchange system in the central station, so he called Lanny on his phone at Doctor Burr's office now.

"Dan speaking, Lanny. Tomorrow morning you had better buy our pet nuisance a lot of clothes, so she'll be all ready to get out of town when I send for her. I think I'll have to fly her out and down to Tia Juana, Lower California."

"What will she do there?"

"I don't know. We'll think about that when she gets there. At least my two dicks won't be there and Tia Juana is one place where that saddle nose of hers won't surprise anybody. And when she acts rough and tough in Tia Juana nobody will pay any attention to her. They have experts down there in that line."

"I'll think that Tia Juana stunt over," Lanny decided. "It has possibilities. Is there a good hospital there?"

"I don't think so. Why?"

"You numbskull, Dan McNamara! We have to find a quiet hospital where we can have her poor nose operated on."

"Well, if we can get her beezer restored and change that black bob of hers to a movie-tone gold, she could take it from Angelloti out to dinner and they'd never suspect her."

"Why?"

"Because my father wasn't with me. We'd been such pals."

"But you must have lived with somebody."

"There was Laurette, the cook, and Babette, the maid."

"Did you graduate?"

"No, I left school when father died. He was killed in a motor accident en route to Honolulu. I've always had a feeling he was coming over to see his Penelope. He loved me very much, Lanny. He was adorable. He used to tell me that I was all that made his life bearable. Somebody—I forget who—told me he wasn't my real father, that I was a foundling he adopted. I wouldn't believe that at first, but when I read his will I knew it was so."

"What sort of woman was his wife or did he have one?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, but I remember the will stated very positively that he had not settled with her, that she had accepted the settlement in full satisfaction of her claims, and that he made my income from the trust just sufficient to support me decently until I should come of age. He said in his will that he did this not because of any lack of affection for me, but because if he made me an excessive allowance, his divorced wife would have control of it during my minority. He must have despised her."

"Well, if she could have control of your income during your minority, she must have been your adopted mother."

"I practically have renewed. "And you must have lived with her following the divorce. That's why you didn't see your father in Europe. You must have been there with your foster mother, Laurette, the cook, and Babette, the maid, argue an establishment. Do you remember everything that has happened to you since that day Dan McNamara brought you to Doctor Burr's office?"

"Perfectly."

"You have funny thoughts about it?"

The girl stared at her shrewdly. "How strange that you should ask that question, Lanny. I do have funny thoughts. Sometimes I'm horrified at the memory and a cold dew of shame; at other times it seems perfectly all right. Sometimes at the times when I've been nervous and sleepless; sometimes I think there's something wrong with me, because people often refer to me as Nance Belden and to things I've done and which I know very well I haven't done. And yet it seems to me sometimes as if I had—just a faint note, a faintly immoral sound—in the back of my mind, like an old dream. But still I'm strong and healthy."

"That a little given to spells of nervousness?"

"I'm moody." The girl seemed interested in herself to an unusual degree. "Some days I like to do things that are perfectly intolerable to me on other days. Some days I'm so democratic I could go out to dinner with a garbage man—other times I can't bear to be with anybody but nice people. I'm sure I'm nicer to Dan since I inspect her savory ragout. "I wish I knew what I wanted in life and I wish I knew somebody that wanted me. Of course I can pay my way through life, but it's terrible to be lonely, Lanny."

She faced Lanny again. "Now, when I decided to cast myself on your hospitality, Lanny, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to do. But today I'm covered with confusion. I've deliberately imposed myself upon your peace and privacy."

"Listen here, Penny, my dear. You are precisely the right woman in this world. Believe it or not, the first spring poem I ever wrote, I'll send for me it must be a very great trial to you, coming home night after night from the office, tired, and having to prepare dinner for yourself. I'm sure you're tired most of the time to prepare more than a very sketchy meal, and that isn't good for you." She smiled. "So I thought I'd have a nice dinner for you."

"Now, I call that real sweet, Nance."

"My name isn't Nance, Lanny. It's Penelope."

"Penelope what?"

"Penelope Catlin. Silly old Lanny, how could you forget?"

"You've placed your finger on my dread secret, Penelope. When I'm tired my memory fails me."

Lanny knew that during the day a psychological doar had opened and Nance Belden, otherwise personality B, the abnormal, had walked through it and emerged Penelope Catlin, or personality A, the normal. Also, she knew now that Penelope Catlin probably had more or less amnesia for her former personality as Nance Belden. Lanny had heard Doctor Burr discuss such rare cases and she glowed with pride in the knowledge that at least he had secured a perfect specimen.

"I decided we wouldn't have broiled lamb chops, Lanny," the girl went on brightly, "so I've made a ragout."

"You mean, in good old Americanese, you've concocted an Irish stew."

"You're so amusing, Lanny. A stew, of course. The difference between a stew and a ragout is entirely geographic. A ragout in France, an Irish stew in the United States."

"Have you lived in France?"

"Eight years, Lanny. Went to school in Switzerland and learned French there."

"Are your people French?"

"I think I was there alone." The girl appeared puzzled. "I don't remember my mother, but I had a father. He was such a dear, but he's dead."

"Were you happy there?"

"No, I was perfectly miserable."

"Why?"

"Because my father wasn't with me. We'd been such pals."

"But you must have lived with somebody."

"There was Laurette, the cook, and Babette, the maid."

"Did you graduate?"

"No, I left school when father died. He was killed in a motor accident en route to Honolulu. I've always had a feeling he was coming over to see his Penelope. He loved me very much, Lanny. He was adorable. He used to tell me that I was all that made his life bearable. Somebody—I forget who—told me he wasn't my real father, that I was a foundling he adopted. I wouldn't believe that at first, but when I read his will I knew it was so."

"What sort of woman was his wife or did he have one?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, but I remember the will stated very positively that he had not settled with her, that she had accepted the settlement in full satisfaction of her claims, and that he made my income from the trust just sufficient to support me decently until I should come of age. He said in his will that he did this not because of any lack of affection for me, but because if he made me an excessive allowance, his divorced wife would have control of it during my minority. He must have despised her."

"Well, if she could have control of your income during your minority, she must have been your adopted mother."

"I practically have renewed. "And you must have lived with her following the divorce. That's why you didn't see your father in Europe. You must have been there with your foster mother, Laurette, the cook, and Babette, the maid, argue an establishment. Do you remember everything that has happened to you since that day Dan McNamara brought you to Doctor Burr's office?"

"Perfectly."

"You have funny thoughts about it?"

The girl stared at her shrewdly. "How strange that you should ask that question, Lanny. I do have funny thoughts. Sometimes I'm horrified at the memory and a cold dew of shame; at other times it seems perfectly all right. Sometimes at the times when I've been nervous and sleepless; sometimes I think there's something wrong with me, because people often refer to me as Nance Belden and to things I've done and which I know very well I haven't done. And yet it seems to me sometimes as if I had—just a faint note a faintly immoral sound—in the back of my mind, like an old dream. But still I'm strong and healthy."

"That a little given to spells of nervousness?"

"I'm moody." The girl seemed interested in herself to an unusual degree. "Some days I like to do things that are perfectly intolerable to me on other days. Some days I'm so democratic I could go out to dinner with a garbage man—other times I can't bear to be with anybody but nice people. I'm sure I'm nicer to Dan since I inspect her savory ragout. "I wish I knew what I wanted in life and I wish I knew somebody that wanted me. Of course I can pay my way through life, but it's terrible to be lonely, Lanny."

She faced Lanny again. "Now, when I decided to cast myself on your hospitality, Lanny, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world to do. But today I'm covered with confusion. I've deliberately imposed myself upon your peace and privacy."

"Listen here, Penny, my dear. You are precisely the right woman in this world. Believe it or not, the first spring poem I ever wrote, I'll send for me it must be a very great trial to you, coming home night after night from the office, tired, and having to prepare dinner for yourself. I'm sure you're tired most of the time to prepare more than a very sketchy meal, and that isn't good for you." She smiled. "So I thought I'd have a nice dinner for you."

"Now, I call that real sweet, Nance."

"My name isn't Nance, Lanny. It's Penelope."

"Penelope what?"

"Penelope Catlin. Silly old Lanny, how could you forget?"

"You've placed your finger on my dread secret, Penelope. When I'm tired my memory fails me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

2,240 Acres for Graves

London's burial grounds cover 2,240 acres.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
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Lesson for April 28
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

LESSON TEXT—II Timothy 3:14-17; Psalm 19:7-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—O how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day.—Psalm 119:97.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Book God Gave Us.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Book God Gave Us.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How to Use the Bible.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Inspiration and Authority of the Bible.

I. The Origin or Source (II Tim. 3:16).

They are inspired of God, which literally means "God-breathed." Peter says "Holy men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost" (II Pet. 1: 21). When Paul declares the Scriptures to be God-breathed, he means that the utterances resulted from God's breath in men's mouths. Because they are God-breathed they are the veritable words of God. The holy Scriptures not only contain the word of God, but they are in verity the message of God to men.

II. The Value of the Scriptures (II Tim. 3:14-17).

1. Able to make wise unto salvation (v. 15). Salvation is alone in Christ. It is obtained through faith in his finished work on the cross.

2. Disciplines the life (vv. 16, 17). It is profitable for doctrine, which is the divine standard of conduct. In the Holy Bible alone is to be found this standard of life. Not only is it the standard of life, but of all thought. Then, too, it reproves, that is, confutes error. The way to deal with error is not denunciation, but the positive presentation of the revealed truth. It also corrects, that is, sets straight many of the disorders of personal and social conduct. The Word of God is the standard of measurement which sets straight the lives of moral beings. Further, it instructs in righteousness and thoroughly equips the minister for Christian service. The mastery of God's holy Word is the indispensable equipment for Christian service. One who lacks this knowledge of the holy Scriptures is utterly unfit for the Christian ministry, no matter how well trained he may be in other things.

III. The Nature and Effect of God's Law (Ps. 19:7-11).

1. It is perfect. It is without a flaw. It converts and restores the soul: it turns man back to God himself to lead a life of holiness. It not only converts sinners, but restores the saints to divine fellowship.

2. It is sure. It is absolutely dependable. Man's reasonings change, but God's Word endures forever. God cannot lie. It makes wise the simple. Common men and women as to natural gifts become wise even in the rightful things of the world, because of their mastery of the Word of God.

3. It is right. The precepts and judgments of the Lord are expressions of absolute righteousness because they proceed from the righteous God and are, therefore, inherently right.

4. It is pure. There is no admixture of error. There is no compromise with that which is untrue. Because of this, the memory and conduct of the man after the spiritual vision is taken away. Confident of the Christian is clearly defined.

5. It is clean. This is seen in the effects of the Word of God upon the life. The individual who is sanctified by it is clean within and without.

6. It is true and righteous. The decisions of God's Word are true without exception. The judgments of God's Word are unimpeachable. Because of these qualities, God's Word is more to be desired than the choicest of gold. Obedience thereto brings great reward.

IV. The Prayer of the Believer (Ps. 19:12-14).

The life brought face to face with God's Word is seen as sinful. The soul cries out for

1. Cleansing (v. 12). The perfect law reveals the imperfections of the life. The Word of God reveals sins of which the individual may be ignorant.

2. To be kept from presumptuous sins. Presumptuous sins are peculiarly dangerous. In the Mosaic economy no sacrifice was provided for such sins.

3. Freedom from the dominion of such sins (v. 13). How awful is the sin of the one who are in bondage to presumptuous sins.

4. That the words of the mouth and the meditations of the heart be kept in line with God's Word (v. 14). From the only dangers the believer would be saved if the words and meditations of his heart were kept in line with the Scriptures!

MEDITATIONS

Does it strike you that the mischief of our life is really our constant fretfulness?

* * *

Christ would not be diverted from the main business of life and destiny. He observed a strict economy in his resources.

* * *

That silence is one of the great arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero, who says, there is not only an art, but even an eloquence in it.—Hannah More.

GREAT FEATS OF MEMORY PUT ON HISTORIC RECORD

Unless there is something unusually difficult in memorizing figures quickly, the young Serb of Belgrade who claims to have set up a world's record by committing to memory in ten minutes a number containing more than eighty figures does not seem to have done anything remarkable. He would at any rate have had a formidable rival in James Milnes Gaskell, a cousin of Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), who once repeated the tellers in every sense of commons division for the preceding sixty years and suggested in "amusing game" which consisted in each player giving the name of a parliamentary borough and the person who had represented it during the same sixty years. Gaskell said that he and his father once played at that game nearly a whole day without stopping. What prodigies of sedious knowledge they must have been!

Another remarkable feat of memory is recorded of a soldier who served in the New Zealand expeditionary force during the war. He claimed that he could remember the name and number of every soldier in his battalion, and his claim was unexpectedly put to a test when the battalion headquarters were blown up and all the records were destroyed. But the soldier, who is now a professor at Edinburgh university, was as good as his word and supplied the missing details.—Montreal Herald.

Russia Looking Ahead

Russia has recognized Australia, at least so far as its fauna is concerned, declares the Los Angeles Times. In years to come the emu and the kankagoo which adorn the Australian coat-of-arms may be hopping around the steppes more freely than in their native land, where they have been warred